

Beauties of the Muses.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

AND

THE MILKMAID.



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EDWIN AND EMMA.

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
Beneath her mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek ;
Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
The charmers of the plains ;
That sun which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair ;

'Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art,
And from whose eyes serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.



A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd ;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

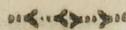
The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmov'd ;
Then with a father's frown at last,
He sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove ;
His heart, which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight-shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

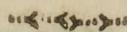


His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd
A deadly pale o'ercast ;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd Heav'n with fruitless pray'r
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cryd, but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd
And bath'd with many a tear ;
First falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning dews appear.

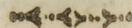


But oh ! his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she !)
Forbad what Emma came to say,
My Edwin, live for me.

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.



Just then she reach'd with trembling steps
Her aged mother's door :
He's gone, she cried, and I shall see
That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side ;
From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

THE MILKMAID.

'TWAS at the cool and fragrant hour,
When ev'ning steals upon the sky,
That Lucy sought a woodbine grove,
And Colin taught the grove to sigh ;
The sweetest damsel she, on all the plains;
The softest lover he, of all the swains.

He took her by the lily hand,
Which oft had made the milk look pale ;
Her cheeks with modest roses glow'd,
As thus he breath'd his tender tale :
The list'ning streams a while forgot to flow,
The doves to murmur, and the breeze to
blow.

" O smile, my love ! thy dimply smiles
Shall lengthen on the setting ray :



Thus let us melt the hours of bliss,
Thus sweetly languish life away :
Thus sigh our souls into each other's
breast,
As true as turtles, and as turtles blest!

So may thy cows for ever crown
With floods of milk thy brimming pail;
So may thy cheese all cheese surpass;
So may thy butter never fail ;
So may each village round this truth declare,
That Lucy is the fairest of the fair.

Thy lips with streams of honey flow,
And pouting swell with healing dews :
More sweets are blended in thy breath
Than all thy father's fields diffuse.
Though thousand flow'rs adorn each
blooming field,
Thy lovely cheeks more blooming beauties yield.



Too long my erring eyes had rov'd
On city dames, in scarlet drest,
And scorn'd the charmful village maid,
With innocence and grogram blest :
Since Lucy's native graces fill'd my sight,
The painted city dames no more delight.

The speaking purple, when you blush,
Out-glow's the scarlet's deepest dye ;
No di'monds tremble on thy hair,
But brighter spangle in thine eye.
Trust me, the smiling apples of thine eyes
Are tempting as were those in paradise.

The tuneful linnet's warbling notes
Are grateful to the shepherd swain ;
To drooping plants and thirsty fields,
The silver drops of kindly rain.
To blossoms dews, as blossoms to the bee,
So thou, my Lucy ! only art to me.



But mark, my love, yon western clouds;
With liquid gold they seem to burn:
The ev'ning star will soon appear,
And overflow his silver urn.

Soft stillness now, and falling dews invite
To taste the balmy blessings of the night.

Yet, ere we part, one boon I crave,
One tender boon—nor this deny—
O promise that you still will love,
O promise this! or else I die:
Death else my only remedy must prove,
I'll cease to live whene'er you cease to love.

She sigh'd and blush'd a sweet consent,
Joyous he thank'd her on his knee,
And warmly press'd her virgin lip.
Was ever youth so blest as he!
The moon, to light the lovers homeward
rose,

And Philomela lull'd them to repose.